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# Light in the Cloud

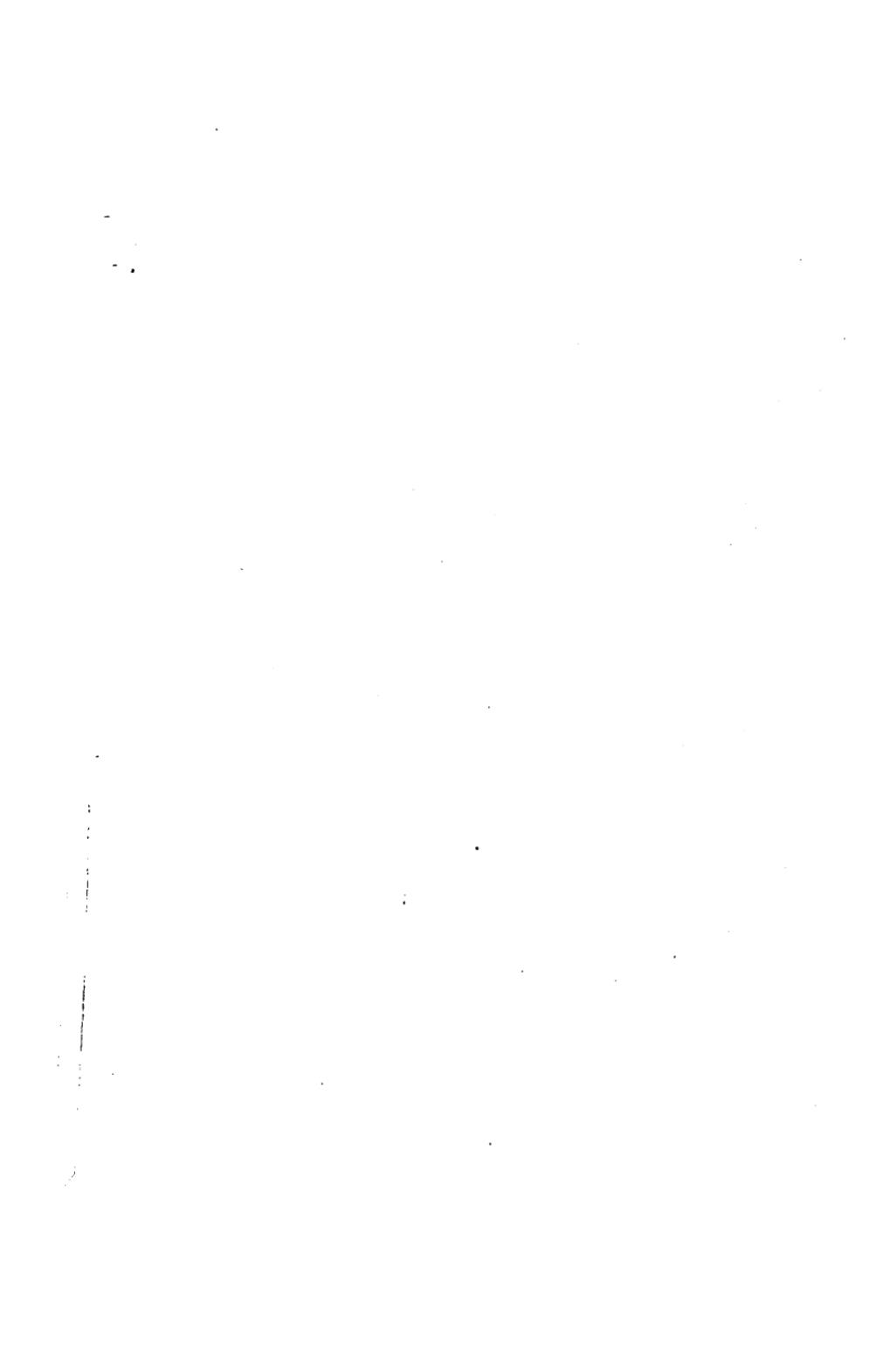


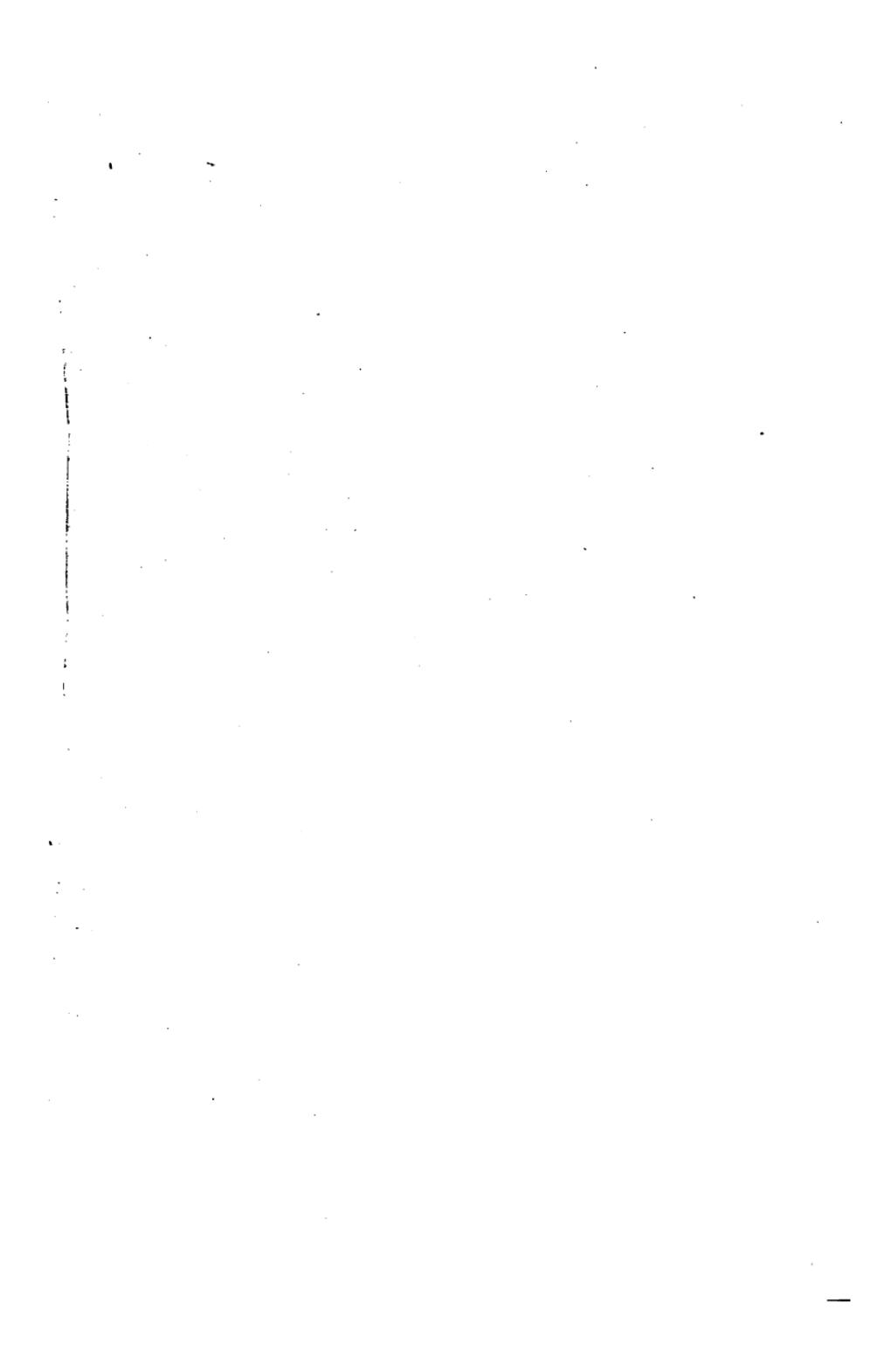
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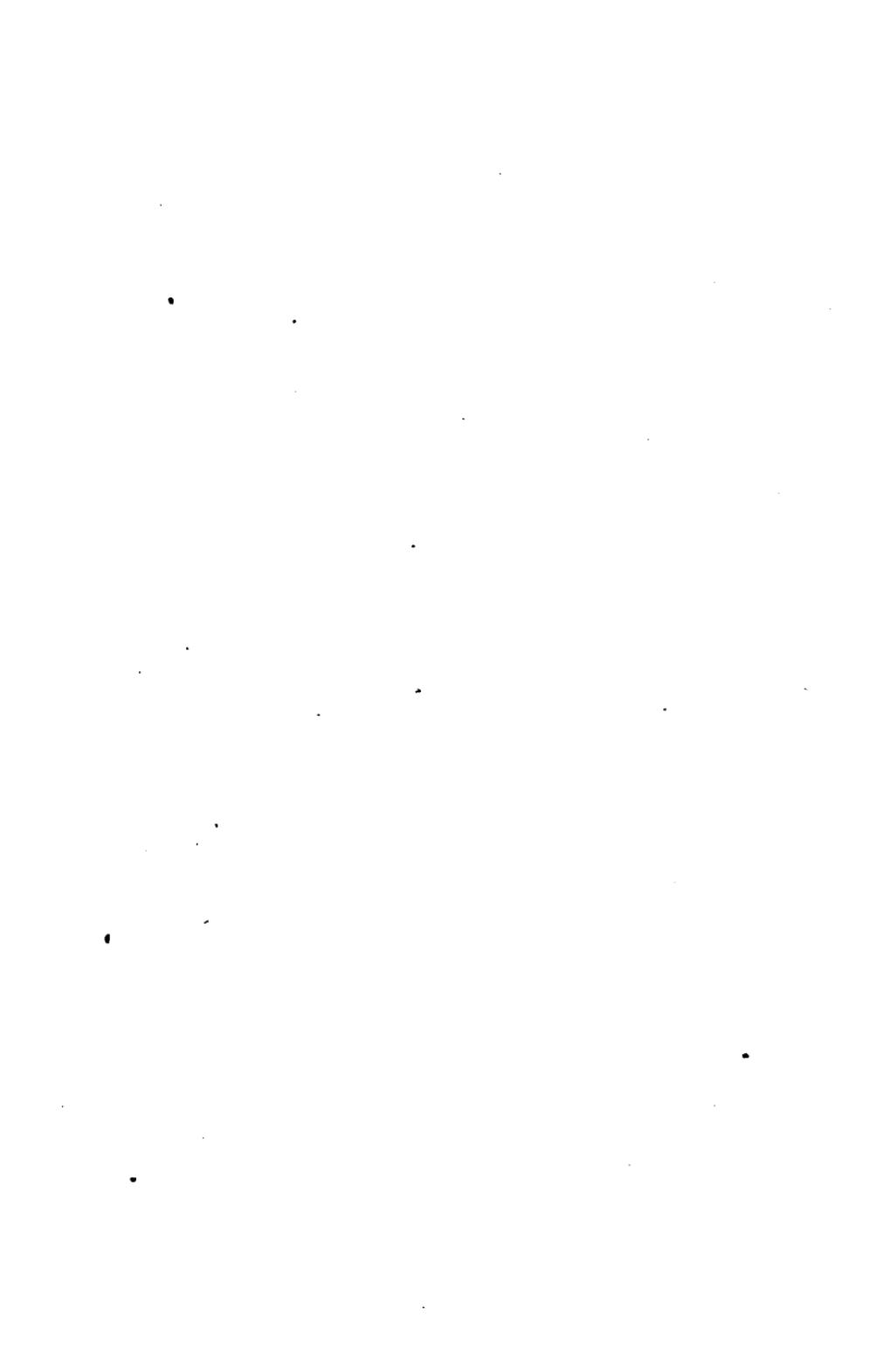












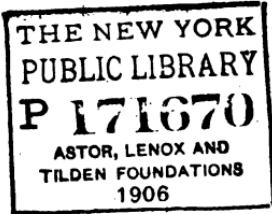
# Light in the Cloud



By  MRS. H. F. THOMAS

JACKSON, MICHIGAN  
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**Dedicated to all who Mourn**



## *A MESSAGE FOR THE YEAR.*

---

To every heart sore troubled  
I send this word of cheer:  
You are gaining on the journey,  
You are nearer by a year.

Twelve months of storm and sunshine,  
Twelve months of joy and gloom,  
Twelve months of work and waiting,  
Yet twelve months nearer home.

The far-off land is nearing,  
The waves roll toward the shore;  
Behind the distance lengthens  
And shortens on before.

Each moment bears us onward;  
There is no time for tears;  
Work, live, be patient ever,  
Through the swift passing years.

The “day-star is arising,”  
Earth’s night is fading fast;  
Oh, live the New Year nobly,  
As though it were your last.

---

Smile though the heart may be aching with sorrow;  
Smile though the hands seem as heavy as lead;  
On through the night, for the sunshine tomorrow  
Will gild the lone valley wherein you must tread.

Smile though the tempest is raging around you,  
Threatening oft to roll over your form.  
Fear not the billows; His arms are beneath you—  
“With Christ in the ship you may smile at the storm.”

Smile, and the way will grow brighter and sweeter;  
Life will be richer and heaven seem near.  
Smile at the pain that makes life completer;  
Cast far away all distrusting and fear.

Though through the wilderness way He is leading,  
Only go forward, the path will be plain.  
Bread will be given for all that are needing;  
None ever ask Him and ask Him in vain.

Smile though the waters of Marah are bitter;  
The soul needs the lesson; go drink and “be still.”  
Whatever He gives is but making us fitter  
To shine in His heaven; then bow at His will.

---

Smile though the pathway of others shine brighter—  
Though on the heights they are singing along.  
How can you know if their hearts may be lighter?  
They may keep back the tears by singing the song.

7

Smile though the world in its judging is cruel—  
Though it may sneer at your pain and your loss.  
All this is helping to perfect the jewel—  
To bring out the gold, and to scatter the dross.

Smile, Christian, smile. “There is no condemna-  
tion;”  
All in Christ Jesus are wondrously free.  
Smile on because there is no separation  
Through the long years of eternity.

*ONWARD.*

---

Onward, forever onward,  
Never a backward glance,  
Face toward the hill of Zion,  
Watchword shall be "advance."  
Onward, though storms are beating,  
On! beyond doubt and fears,  
Onward, tho' thorns are hurting,  
Stay not for falling tears.

Onward and upward ever  
Away from sin and night;  
Stepping forever nearer,  
To heaven, and peace, and light.  
Onward, toward perfection,  
Purity, whiteness, rest,  
To joy that is unending,  
With Christ among the blest.

Better the path of sorrow,  
Better the pain and loss,  
Better the fire of cleansing,  
Than chaff and sin and dross.  
Onward, forever onward,  
Though clouds obscure the light,  
Onward by faith uplifted,  
Until our faith is sight.

---

## *CONFIDENCE.*

---

9

O child of God, rejoice!  
E'en though a starless night may gather 'round,  
And thou shouldst stumble on the rocky way,  
Lift up thy voice!  
Life up thy voice, O, child of God, and pray.

O, child of God, be calm!  
Let the storm beat on thy unsheltered head,  
Let pain its lesson burn into thy soul;  
He bringeth balm!  
On to still waters every wave doth roll.

O, child of God, be strong!  
Lift thy sad eyes unto the hills of God;  
Up to the heights Our Father leadeth thee—  
'Twill not be long,  
And thou shalt stand beside the crystal sea.

O, child of God, be brave!  
What can earth's darkest sorrow do for thee  
But push thee faster to the great white throne?  
He came to save;  
And will not leave thee on the way alone.

O, child of God, He cares!  
"Cast not away your confidence in Him;"  
Bewildered, blind, you yet shall find the door,  
The mounting stairs,  
And climb to joy and peace forever more.

---

There are no tears in heaven—no tears! no tears!  
And yet, when all the dimness from the soul  
Is swept away; when face to face we stand;  
When we shall look upon that glorious brow,  
Remembering it was crowned on earth with thorns  
For you and me; when we shall clasp the hands,  
The pierced hands through which the nails were  
driven,

What shall we do? How shall we then express  
The mingled deep emotions of the soul?  
No words of praise, no eloquent address,  
Or rapturous song of joy can ever tell  
Our gratitude and love. We think there will  
Be need of tears, even in heaven, to show  
The soul's deep, glad, inexpressible love.  
“Fullness of joy” must overflow in tears.  
Or is there in that blest land a language  
Which has a fuller, deeper meaning for  
The soul? We shall need to be immortal—  
Our souls enlarged—to grasp the wondrous joy.  
And yet, and yet, when we shall gaze upon  
Those pierced hands, methinks the tears  
Must fall like rain. O, strange, mysterious life  
That hath no need of tears, when shall we know  
Its deeper language and be satisfied?

---

Not from the storm does Jesus always save you;  
Not from the night or pain or furnace heat,  
Not from the longing and weary waiting,  
Nor from the stones that bruise such tired feet.

He wants you strong, with strength that comes from trial,  
He wants a faith that trusts and never moans,  
He wants a patience gained by weary waiting,  
He wants a love that gladly treads the stones.

Oh, it is well, be sure, what He appointeth;  
“Be not afraid;” He comes o'er tossing wave,  
And in the furnace, when the flames are hottest,  
He walks beside you. He is there to save.

Saved in the trial, dear one, in the sorrow;  
Saved in the storm, and in the furnace heat,  
Is better far than to be saved from anguish,  
And miss the “afterward,” the life complete.

Be sure, O stricken heart, you are not walking  
Amid the flames alone, nor cry in vain!  
Our God is near; He never will forsake you;  
He comes in darkness, and is in the pain.

Save us, dear Lord, in every time of trial;  
Help us to feel thy presence all the way;  
Be in the cloud and shadow that enfold us;  
But save, oh, save us from all sin, we pray.

*BE STILL !*

---

O heart of mine, be still! be still!  
Believe and trust, hold fast and wait;  
The shadows and the mist will lift,  
Joy surely come, and not too late.

Be still, O heart of mine, be still!  
Keep back thy murmurs and complaints;  
God needs to use hard measures here,  
The file and rod, to make his saints.

Be still, down! down! O aching heart!  
Be calm, amid the wildest pain!  
God reigns; his promises are sure,  
And suffering will not be in vain.

The cross, the nails, the pierced side,  
The bitter cup of God's own will;  
Then triumph, victory and song—  
Be still! be still, my heart, be still!

---

*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills. - Psalms xxx.*

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,  
Away from every help the earth can give;  
Though clouds and mist obscure the vision now,  
There is no other way to turn and live.

No other help can reach the tempted soul,  
No other height to which the eye can strain;  
So, turning from the lower help away,  
I lift mine eyes unto the hills again.

How far beyond the vision they may lie,  
How high above the storm their summits rise,  
How deep the mist that ever rolls between,  
I cannot tell; but yet I'll lift my eyes.

How soon the blinding mist will roll away,  
Or if the darkness grow to deeper night,  
I cannot know; but ever lift my eyes  
Unto the hilltops bathed in heavenly light.

Some time, somewhere, and I shall surely see  
The outlined hills against the stormless skies;  
“Beyond the Alpine heights of pain” they stand,  
The hills of God toward which I lift my eyes.

O Christ, our Savior, when we faithless grow,  
Turn Thou our eyes unto the highest height;  
Give us thy faith, O Christ, by which to live,  
Thy strength, thy grace, to help us to the light.

“What doest thou here?” O child of God,  
Discouraged and cast down,  
Arise and finish up thy work.  
“Let no man take thy crown.”

Because thou canst not understand  
God’s strange, mysterious way,  
Because there did not turn to God  
“A nation in a day.”

Faith falters and the way looks dark  
To thy short-sighted eye,  
The lips so lately tuned to praise,  
Now frame a prayer to die.

All, all are sinners in thy sight,  
Thou feelest sad and lone!  
God knew that seven thousand more  
Bowed not to gods of stone.

When, lo, “an angel touched him then,”  
Just when he longed to die:  
A voice spoke saying, “Go thou forth,  
And see the Lord pass by.”

Not in the earthquake’s mighty shock,  
Not in the tempest wild,  
Not in the element of fire,  
Did God speak to his child.

But in the after-hush there spoke  
A voice so low and still,  
Elijah heard and bowed his head  
And listened to God's will.

"What doest thou here?" Go forth and bear  
Thy part amid the strife,  
"He that is faithful unto death,  
Receives a crown of life."

O, child of God! Where'er thou art  
Discouraged and afraid,  
"What doest thou here?" upon thy head  
An angel's hand is laid.

Alone with God thou best can learn,  
In some dark, trying hour,  
That not by might alone He works,  
But by the Spirit's power.

"What doest thou here?" O, child of God,  
With faint, discouraged heart,  
Thy work is all unfinished yet,  
Let no one do your part.

Pray not to die, but ask for strength,  
To nobly, bravely bear.  
His angel touched thee, then arise,  
Go forth and do your share.

Open my eyes, O Lord, that I may see,  
My vision is so blinded by earth's glare.  
More faith I need, more confidence in Thee,  
A constant sense of thy protecting care.

The mountains, Father, look so rough and steep,  
The crags o'erhang the path where I must tread,  
The shadows are so dark, and pitfalls deep,  
I cannot walk unless my feet are led.

Oh, take away the dimness from my soul ;  
Let in, O Lord, a ray of heavenly light,  
That backward from my vision clouds may roll,  
And my weak faith be changed to sudden sight.

Some wondrous thing, O Lord, from out Thy law  
Some truth, that hidden deep I fail to know ;  
Some vision like Elisha's servant saw,  
To cheer me in the way that I must go.

With opened eyes, O Lord, I shall behold,  
Some truth I fail to-day to understand,  
Some mystery—the clearer light unfold.  
Perchance earth's shadow changed to angel band.

And yet, dear Lord, if it is best for me,  
To wait for clearer vision till the end,  
Give me such faith that I need not to see,  
And o'er my path let unseen angels bend.

---

Shut in, apart for a little while,  
Away from the world with its strife and din;  
Shut in to wait in a darkened room,  
With a new soul lesson to learn—shut in;  
To give up the work which we long to do,  
To battle with weariness, pain, and night,  
To miss the joy that service brings,  
And to wonder and wonder if all is right;  
To find the world can still move on  
Without our helping it onward roll;  
To study the mysteries of life,  
And answer the questions of the soul.  
Ah, we think sometimes we are missing all  
When our Father calls us aside to wait,  
And new hard lessons we learn so slow,  
And their deeper meaning comes so late.  
But after the trial has gone and passed,  
After the lesson, then comes the rest;  
And we find we needed this to teach  
Some new, grand lesson that God knows best.  
After each storm on the sea of life,  
There comes to the soul sweet peace and calm;  
After each trial our Father sends  
There comes the comforter's healing balm.  
Our Father lead us, O lead us on,  
And teach us the lessons we need to know.  
Is it working, or waiting, or trial, Lord?  
Oh help us to feel it is better so!

Discouraged ; discouraged, when life is so short ?

O, be not discouraged to-day !

The road may be wearisome, thorny, and rough,  
But it leads to a heavenly way.

There is sorrow and heart-ache enough to endure,

There is waiting, and mourning, and death ;

There are storm clouds that darken the sun's healing  
rays,

There are flowers that fade at a breath.

There are hearts that are broken, and desolate homes,

And idols that prove to be clay,

But beyond the dark pathway is heaven's sweet  
rest—

There is joy at the end of the way.

Though you see not your God in the darkness and  
storm,

In the cleft of the rock still abide,

And wait ; when the tempest of anguish is past

You will hear His "still voice" at your side.

Then be not discouraged, nor falter in life,

Faint not and you surely will win ;

Put on the whole armor and stand to your post,

And help fight the battle with sin.

No matter though feet have grown tired in the way,      19  
And hands seem as heavy as lead,  
Though flowers have faded in earth's summer time,  
And bright hopes lie withered and dead.

The flowers that have perished shall bloom in the  
skies,  
Tired hands the palm branches bear,  
And they who through "great tribulation" have come  
The spotless white raiment shall wear.

What matter to you if earth's music is gone,  
And the heart-strings are ready to break,  
For earth's broken chords shall be gathered in  
heaven,  
And rapturous strains shall awake.

So tired ? Oh, yes ! but look up and away,  
The journey is not very long ;  
The mourning and tears will all end by and by  
In a shout of victorious song.

Then be not discouraged, but take up your cross,  
And bear it in patience today ;  
The steep, rocky path ends in glory beyond—  
There is joy at the end of the way.

---

*Hebrews 12:29.*

Mysterious fire that burns the dross alone !  
We may not understand what elements  
Combine to make this purifying fire,  
But when we see a soul enswathed in flame,  
Plunged in the furnace heat of grief or pain,  
Burning but not consumed, we seem to hear  
The voice from out the Bush, "Remove thy shoes  
From off thy feet, for this is holy ground."  
The cleansing fire is sure. It searches through  
The soul—its deepest depths, its secret way—  
And burns up all the vile. We may be made  
So pure that we may stand unscorched  
Upon "the sea of glass mingled with fire,"  
The dross all burned, white as the light refined,  
No shred of sin, no fuel for the flames.  
"Our God is a consuming fire;" but dread  
Him not, O thou that wouldest be clean  
And fair; he burns but sin, the chaff, the dross,  
And leaves His image stamped upon the soul.

---

---

*I. Corinthians 6:17.*

“Is death the end?” Ah, no! we die to live,  
The spirit life expands at touch of death,  
To our Creator we our spirits give  
Back to our Maker with our fleeting breath.  
United with the Lord we cannot die;  
The grave but claims a while the house of clay,  
Joined to the Lord! one spirit evermore—  
And finds a home with Christ in realms of day.  
We pray, O God, for grace to apprehend  
The glory and the grandeur of the thought—  
Into our hearts—more of thy spirit send,  
That we may know and feel what God hath wrought.  
Joined to the Lord! ~~our~~ spirit evermore—  
Death cannot touch a life hidden with God:  
O grief pale lips repeat it o'er and o'er—  
United with the Lord; saved by His blood:  
Let the storms beat; let gathering shadows come—  
United with the Lord there is no loss—  
Outlined against the blackest midnight gloom  
A light appears. 'Tis Christ upon the cross.

---

Endure ? Ah, yes ! the heart was made for breaking,  
The eyes for tears.  
Infinite anguish can be borne by mortals,  
Through days and years ;  
Unspoken woe, o'erburdened hearts that bleed,  
The bitter cry wrung out of bitter need,  
And awful fears.

Endure ? Ah, yes ! the heart was made for breaking,  
Pain does not kill,  
Its purpose but to help on to'rd perfection,  
This is God's will.  
'Tis better far to wear the "crown of pain,"  
Than missing this to live a life in vain.  
Sad heart, "be still."

Endure ? Ah, yes ! the heart was made for breaking,  
To break again,  
And yet throb on to feel another breaking,  
A wilder pain.  
O, mask of life, that hides so well the sore  
Of aching hearts that bleed still more and more,  
But not in vain.

Oh, not in vain ! thank God it is not vainly ;  
There is no loss ;  
Our Savior trod the thorn-crowned way before us,  
And bore the cross ;  
And they who suffer too, with Him shall reign.  
Then murmur not, oh heart, because of pain ;  
Rather, rejoice.

“Think it not strange, Beloved,” fiery trial  
Makes the heart pure,  
Sharing Christ’s suffering you share His glory.  
You may be sure,  
The answer “why ?” that now is all concealed,  
Be answered when His glory is revealed,  
Therefore endure.

*"And He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."*

He watches the fiery furnace,  
He tempers the cleansing fire;  
'Tis only the dross He burneth,  
The silver He doth require.

He measures each bitter trial,  
And knows what the soul can bear;  
He sits as a great refiner  
Till He sees His image there.

'Tis blessed to know He watches,  
To be sure there is no loss,  
That the cleansing fire of trial  
Will only burn the dross.

The waiting may be hardest,  
The suffering may be keen;  
But only the heated furnace  
Will make His image seen.

'Tis blessed to know He watches  
Close by in the hour of pain;  
'Tis blessed to know the trial  
Shall not be all in vain.

Oh! Master, thou great refiner,  
Stay near till the work is done,  
Till in the soul is reflected  
The image of Thy Son.

---

The sluggish pulse of life begins to throb;  
A tremor thrills through hill and vale to-day,  
As if the fettered earth gave one great sob,  
Moving the wheels of life to work and play.

The air is rife with voices, old yet new:  
The miracle of Spring is being wrought.  
The grass is making ready for the dew,  
While pansy buds are bursting for a "thought."

O brother man, cast down with weight of care,  
O sister, blind with burning tears to-day,  
The Father lives! His touch is everywhere;  
Through deepest seas of woe He makes a way.

"Hidden with Christ in God" you cannot die;  
The life will not be bound with things of earth.  
The morning breaks! The springtime draweth  
nigh—  
The soul arises to immortal birth.

*THE SCHOOL OF SORROW.*

In sorrow's school I studied  
The lessons o'er and o'er,  
And many and long the lesson  
I had never learned before.  
I sought to find the answers  
To questions given there,  
And turned in vain life's pages,  
With anxious thought and care.  
Then I took them to the Master,  
And asked Him to explain  
The meaning of this problem,  
Why mine such bitter pain ?  
He answered not my questions,  
But said, in accents low,  
"To-day I cannot tell thee ;  
Hereafter thou shalt know."  
To my continued pleadings,  
My strong, rebellious will,  
He answered, yet more gently,  
"Not now, my child ; be still."  
More earnestly I asked Him  
To solve them all for me.  
He only said "sufficient  
My grace shall ever be."  
Then came a revelation—  
A glimpse of heavenly light,  
Like holy benediction ;  
Like morning after night.  
The questions were unanswered,  
The pain no time could cure ;  
But He, the strong and mighty,

Would help me to endure.  
The lessons for my learning  
Were just to trust and wait;  
The questions will be answered  
Inside the golden gate.  
O strange high school of sorrow,  
Where answers are not given!  
We'll read the whole solution  
In the great life-book of heaven.  
Wait, then, the grand revealing;  
Wait, trust, and watch, and pray,  
Until the great hereafter—  
Earth's graduation day.

---

The days are growing shorter as they fly,  
The sunsets gleam with radiance more and more;  
A change is passing over earth and sky,  
A solemn stillness rests on sea and shore.

There is strange beauty on the vale and hill;  
The touch of the great "Artist" everywhere;  
Some unseen influence all the pulses thrill,  
Trees, field and wood the autumn's glory share.

We stand amid the sunset's radiant glow  
With soul uplifted in a glad surprise;  
That out of death there can such beauty grow,  
It stops the falling tears in weeping eyes.

If touch of death can so transform the earth,  
If frosts of time can so illuminate,  
Then weep no more, for death is but a birth,  
A strange mysterious change for which we wait.

---

I did not dream that life was half so sweet,  
    And rich and grand;  
I did not know I cared so much about  
    This earthly land.  
I did not know before that earthly friends  
    Were half so dear,  
Or that so many loving ties combined  
    To keep me here.  
There is new beauty in the passing days,  
    New hope in life,  
New glory in the mornings, and new faith  
    To meet the strife.  
A deeper sense of God's infinite care  
    Comes with each day,  
A clearer vision of life's grander truth  
    Illumes the way.  
Each "thread of pain" but binds together more  
    God and the soul,  
If only in submission we yield all  
    To His control.  
A vast circumference of His love enfolds  
    Us round and round;  
We need not "borrow wings" with which to rise  
    To higher ground.  
His goodness and His love are measureless  
    Beyond compare;  
We cannot go far out beyond His reach  
    Or loving care.  
Back from the swelling Jordan He will bring  
    Those whom He will,  
And through the stormy years at last will lead  
    To waters still.

*TEACH ME THE WAY.*

Teach me the way of life, the true, glad way,  
That leads at last through flashing gates of gold—  
Let not the world its strong power o'er me sway;  
Keep me, O God, from dangers manifold.  
Teach me the way.

Teach me the way of peace, the quiet path  
That leads along beside the waters still;  
Lead me, oh lead me to life's aftermath,  
Teach me to love and reverence Thy will.  
Show me the path.

Teach me the way of life, the hidden life—  
With Christ in God, oh, may my soul abide:  
Help me to walk amid the world's dark strife,  
Feeling Thee ever, ever near my side.  
Teach me the way.

Teach me the way, O Lord, that leads to Thee;  
No higher heights my soul can e'er attain,  
E'en tho' the cross may be prepared for me,  
And all the way of life be fraught with pain.  
Teach me the way.

O Lord, I would be thine, completely thine,  
Fashioned into Thy image day by day;  
That ever through my life Thy life may shine,  
To guide the stranger soul into the way—  
The narrow way.

Go forth in the name of Jesus,  
Strong in his strength to save,  
The need of the world is mighty,  
There is work for the true and brave.

Go out in the world as reapers—  
The harvest is ripe to-day,  
The Master is calling, calling,  
Do not idle the hours away.

Go forth where the fields are whitest,  
Go, ere the storm shall come—  
Go gather sheaves for the Master,  
Go and call the wanderers home.

Go forth, for the time is passing—  
Go soon, lest some soul may say—  
The harvest is past and ended,  
My soul is unsaved to-day.

Go forth in the name of Jesus—  
No other name is given;  
No other door to enter in,  
That leads to the rest of heaven.

Overcome the world in Jesus,  
By a faith that conquers sin—  
Stop not until life is finished;  
The harvest all gathered in.

Come down from the mountain, O Christian !

Though it may be good to be there,  
There is sorrow and tears in the valley  
And burdens so heavy to bear.  
On the Mount of Transfiguration  
There is glory, and rest, and light—  
At the foot of the mountain is anguish  
And pitiful weakness, and night.

You have had a bright glimpse of His glory,  
O blest favored child of our King,  
While others are groping in darkness—  
Too faithless, too hopeless to sing.  
Stay not on the mountain ! O Christian,  
There are souls that are sin-sick to cure ;  
Come down with a heart full of Jesus—  
There is pain so hard to endure.

Come down from the mountain, and Jesus  
Will go with you over the way—  
He will help you to comfort the dying,  
Help you speak for him, day by day.  
Stay not on the mountain of gladness,  
With souls bathed in heavenly bliss—  
Go tell of the wonderful Jesus,  
Lest others the glory may miss.

If you have found peace in believing,  
While others grope blindly along—  
Go show them the way to the Savior,  
And teach them to sing the new song.  
There are glimpses of heavenly places,  
Even here on the dark shore of Time,  
There are heights to be reached in believing,  
There is faith that is grand and sublime.

To you who have reached the “still waters,”  
And rest in the “green pastures fair;”  
Who have faith’s full assurance of pardon,  
Stay not in your closet of prayer,  
But go to the doubting, and troubled,  
Who are wishing, and longing for sight—  
Perhaps you can help them to trust Him,  
Or show them a glimmer of light.

Has there come to your soul a sweet vision,  
That only our Savior can give—  
Then go with your face touched with glory,  
And show others the way to live.  
Faint not; though the day may be weary—  
And you miss from your sky the light,  
There will come a sweet hour of communion—  
For “He giveth songs in the night.”

---

The snow has been falling, so still and light,  
Weaving through the hours a robe of white;  
Listen to its voice, a whisper you'll hear,  
I'm weaving a shroud for the dying year.  
I'm covering up in my silent way  
The unsightly earth from the light of day,  
Dead leaves are hidden away from sight,  
And rough, hard places grow smooth and white.

I am weaving a shroud of frosted tears,  
For the sad old year with its hopes and fears,  
I will cover up from the sight of man  
Earth's sad imperfections all I can.  
There are blasted hopes, and bright vanished dreams  
And hours misimproved, which no time redeems,  
There are broken idols which were but clay;  
I'll cover them up from the light of day.

Let it go ! the past, with its severed ties,  
Let it go to-night as the old year dies,  
Let the past, its sorrows and pleasures, go,  
Let them buried be 'neath my robe of snow.  
The voice of the snow ! O listen again ;  
There's a deeper, richer, sweeter refrain,  
It speaks to mortals in a whisper low,  
"Your sins, though scarlet, shall be as snow."

---

The snow has a voice to each and all—  
To aching hearts 'tis a funeral pall;  
To others it falls from the wintry sky  
Like a sweet benediction from on high.  
O sad dying year! in your robe of white,  
Leave a glad message for earth to-night.  
Wintry winds repeat as you drifting blow,  
"Your sins though like scarlet shall be as snow."

*MY PLACE.*

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Help me, O Lord, the place to fill,  
Thy wisdom hast assigned to me;  
For, should I fail to do Thy will,  
My work would not be done for Thee.

Some little words remain unsaid  
Through all the long, eternal years;  
Some heart would go uncomforted,  
And eyes be blind with burning tears.

Some feet might wander in the night;  
Some tender heart would turn to stone,  
That I could lead to peace and light,  
Had I not left them all alone.

Some soul would drift beyond recall,  
Far out on sin's wild, sweeping tide,  
Some little one might faint or fall,  
Some soul for whom the Savior died.

My soul is heavy with the thought  
That something may be left undone,  
Some hungry soul be left untaught,  
A starry crown remain unwon.

Oh, Christ, do Thou Thy work through me;  
Help me to-day to fill my place;  
That at the last I may not be  
Ashamed to meet Thee face to face.

---

We thank Thee for our creation,  
O God of the soul's deep life,  
We thank Thee for hope's sheet-anchor,  
For faith 'mid the world's dark strife,  
We thank thee, our God, for Jesus,  
Our Savior, Redeemer, Friend,  
For faith in the life immortal,  
Begun now, never to end,  
For the "Comforter" we thank Thee,  
Our guide in the narrow way,  
"His presence" to go beside us,  
On up to the gate of day.  
We thank Thee for earthly friendship,  
For home-life and tender love,  
For every joy that gives us  
A foretaste of heaven above.  
We thank Thee for sorrow's lesson,  
For the gain that comes from loss,  
For the cleansing fire of trial,  
For life by way of the cross.  
We thank thee for clearer vision  
That comes o'er the hills of time,  
For a glimpse of "Heavenly places"—  
For a faith that grows sublime.  
We thank thee for all thou givest,  
For comfort, reason and sight—  
For Thy word of truth that tells us  
At evening it shall be light.

*TWO CITIES.*

The "White City" has vanished;  
The gathered nations all  
Have disappeared like snowdrifts,  
Scattered like leaves of fall.

Gone are its temples, towers;  
Gone is the flood of life;  
Gone with its good and evil;  
Gone with its sin and strife.

Fair walls of gleaming whiteness  
Around that mighty whirr,  
Enclosed the things that perish  
Like "whited sepulcher."  
O, fair "White City" vanished,  
O, city of a day,  
How brief thy little triumph,  
How swift thy sure decay.

City without foundations,  
Though gorgeous, fair and grand,  
The pride of every nation,  
Yet built upon the sand.  
Thank God, there is a city,  
A city pure—as white—  
One that hath sure foundation,  
And God Himself the light.

And in it shall not enter  
Defilement, strife or sin.  
Those who do His commandments  
Have right to enter in.  
This city is abiding,  
Its walls forever stand;  
There is a firm foundation,  
Built by our God's own hand.

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No fee is there demanded,  
Christ opened wide the door,  
And all who trust and love Him  
Can come—both rich and poor.  
The "Midway" there is golden,  
And nations purified  
Shall walk in white together,  
Because the Christ has died.  
O, earth's white vanished city,  
Faded into the past!  
O, Heaven's pearl-gated city,  
Forever more to last.

---

Only a day, but live it out for Jesus;  
    Make its swift moments golden every one,  
Fill up the hours with loving deeds for others,  
    Tender and gracious thought till set of sun.

Smooth out some pillow in the early morning,  
    Touch some hot brow beneath the noontide heat,  
At night pass on the cup of cooling water,  
    Or smooth the pathway for some weary feet.

Only a day, but live it out for Jesus,  
    Morning and noon, and afternoon and night.  
Heart-troubled ones are longing for a message  
    Of love to help them out into the light.

Only a day, but, oh, what shining raiment  
    For those to whom the Master says "Well done!"  
For those who live out every hour for Jesus—  
    Between the rising and the setting sun.

---

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“Have faith in God!” Look out upon the earth;  
The leaves appear; the blossoms spring abloom;  
The earth new robed, God’s “resurrection power”—  
Nature uprising from her wintry tomb.

Listen the voices! Feel the wondrous charm!  
The air is full of fragrance rich and sweet;  
Take in the bliss; lift up the eyes and see  
Heaven is not far, not far the golden street.

Awake! Arise! O, man bowed down with care;  
Let the new life thrill all the soul today;  
“Have faith in God”—His presence here behold;  
Trust Him to guide you on the upward way.

---

That work is not a failure which has helped  
One soul to live a purer Christian life—  
That teaching not in vain which tells the way  
To holiness through this dark world of strife.

It is not always he who sows the seed  
That gathers in the ripe and golden grain,  
For stranger hands may garner up the sheaves  
We hoped to gather and had hoped in vain.

If words of thine have cheered one failing heart—  
Kindled anew one fading altar fire;  
Thy work is not a failure, chords are touched  
That shall re-echo from the angel choir.

What if man's blinded eyes have failed to see  
The lives made better by thy earnest toil—  
It matters not since God will watch the germ  
Thy words have planted in the heart's deep soil.

Thy work is not a failure, sow the seed ;  
And wait God's time to see the golden grain.  
His plans, though often strange, are just and wise,  
Work done for Him is never done in vain.

It does not matter if we never see

A glorious harvest with these earthly eyes—  
We see as through a glass now, by and by,  
    We shall see face to face beyond the skies.

Then in the morning sow the precious seed;

Thy hand withhold not at the eventide,  
For what shall prosper thou may'st not know here,  
    Then scatter freely by the water's side.

And when is finished all the sowing here—

These earthly harvests gathered every one,  
When angel reapers waiting for a voice,  
    Proclaiming God's great harvest is begun.

When the redeemed shall stand in robes of white,

When all shall lay life's weary burden down;  
What seemed to us like failures here on earth—  
    May there be changed into a starry crown.

We have not passed this way before,  
And we shall not pass again.  
Make the most of time, the most of life,  
And mind not the mingle pain.

If the path is bright and flower-strewn,  
Take in all the fragrance sweet,  
Thank God for the joy that comes to you  
In paths marked out for your feet.

If 'round the hearth an unbroken band  
Make up the circle of home,  
Oh, love them to-day, and love them well,  
Ere the angel of death shall come.

You will not pass this way again;  
Be sure that you pass not by  
The old and tired, the sick and weak,  
And those not ready to die.

Look out for flowers along the way,  
And heed not the stinging thorn;  
There are stars above the darkest night,  
And sure is the coming morn.

And if the gathering storm is heard,  
And the waves beat wild and high,  
Look up for help to the far-off hills,  
And watch for the rifted sky.

Look up through tears, for on beyond  
Is the gleaming, golden shore;  
We can bravely bear a little while,  
For we pass this way no more.

Some time the weary waiting will be over,  
And strength be given to each helpless hand,  
Some time the hardest questions will be answered,  
And life's dark mystery we shall understand.

The darkness deepens ere the morning cometh,  
And stars grow pale before the light of day;  
We gaze in wonder at the sky grown starless,  
And miss the glory of the sun's first ray.

So, while we watch the stars of hope declining  
With earthly joys to which we fondly cling,  
Surely a richer blessing is in waiting,  
Look heavenward for the "coming of the King."

The waiting and the watching is the hardest,  
The weary time made up of days and years,  
Yet heaven's sunshine is but just beyond us,  
Making a rainbow of earth's falling tears.

Courage, tired one, what if the way is thorny,  
The pathway long to reach the heavenly fold,  
"He knows the way you take," out from the trial  
You by-and-by shall come, "refined like gold."

What if these earthly skies are dark and stormy,  
And sorrow-clouds oft hide the sun from sight,  
"Let not your heart be troubled," "only trust Him,"  
Knowing "At evening time it shall be light."

*"THIS SAME JESUS."*

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"This same Jesus," in the future  
    Will return to earth again,  
"This same Jesus, in like manner,"  
    This, our hope, is not in vain.  
He is coming, coming surely,  
    Coming as He went away:  
"Coming in the clouds of heaven,"  
    Bringing in a glorious day.

He is coming, coming truly,  
    "This same Jesus," who was slain;  
He who died, but now is living,  
    Soon will come to earth to reign.  
This same Jesus—"not another"—  
    Not a stranger, but a friend—  
Savior, Lord—the world's Redeemer!  
    Bringing joy that will not end.

Oh, ye mourners, cease from crying,  
    Lift your eyes, the dawn is near;  
He is coming, with your loved ones,  
    Never have a doubt or fear.  
The same loved ones, grown yet dearer,  
    Through the weary, waiting years;  
With our eyes we shall behold them,  
    Eyes undimmed by sorrow's tears.

Think you not, O troubled mourner,  
Jesus will but partly save;  
In its fullness joy is coming,  
Life immortal from the grave.  
For our comfort this is told us,  
“This same Jesus” comes again.  
So our loved ones shall be like Him,  
Be themselves, and so remain.

“Not another.” Not a stranger,  
Shall be given for your own,  
But the same dear hands shall clasp you,  
Just the same, but dearer grown.  
Christian mourner, Oh, believe it:  
“Hid with Christ in God,” they are,  
Waiting in “His secret presence,”  
You ere long shall greet them there.

“To the uttermost” He saves us,  
It is not an idle dream;  
To restore he came, and dying,  
Soul and body to redeem.  
Work and toil, with eyes uplifted,  
“Signs in earth and heaven appear,”  
“This same Jesus” soon is coming,  
Our same loved ones grown more dear.

*A PRAYER.*

I will not ask, dear Father, that I may  
Have strength to bear the burdens of the day,  
For all the time there is a sense of fear  
That I may not be able to contain  
Or hold Thy strength because of weary pain.

I seem to feel that I have much to do  
To grasp thy strength—and carry burdens too,  
And so I will not ask that thou wilt give  
Strength for my need—but ever, ever pray  
That Thou wilt live my life through every day.

Live for me, oh my Lord, live out my life,  
For I am weary with the toil and strife,  
Take Thou my care, my heavy burdens all,  
Life presses hard, and stormy is the way,  
Live through me all the weary night and day.

Oh Holy Spirit! Heavenly Paraclete,  
Fill thou my soul and make the work complete,  
Come in and dwell in every avenue,  
That there may be no room for self to hide,  
Oh, come like this, and in my life abide.

Then I will rest and cease this weary strife,  
Hidden with Christ in God is all my life,  
Sheltered, environed, and secure from harm;  
I can let go and fear no tempest beat  
Will ever from the Rock remove my feet.

And if the suffering days pass slow away,  
And I am all too tired and weak to pray,  
I can “lean hard,” feeling a sense of rest;  
That though I am so frail, so sick, so weak,  
He knows the prayer I am too tired to speak.

Ring the bells! Ring the bells!  
Christmas is here!

How the glad music swells,  
Cheer upon cheer.

Ring the bells, all the bells over the nation;  
Ring the joy bells for the gift of creation—  
Ring the bells.

Ring the bells—Christmas bells!  
Hark how they chime.

Voice of their music tells  
Message sublime:

Out o'er the earth where dark shadows are lying  
Ring them out swiftly, for moments are flying.  
Jesus can save.

Ring the bells! Ring the bells!  
Joy to the world!

Let the white banner of peace  
Be unfurled.

May the glad message, the heavenly token,  
Heal troubled hearts that are weary and broken.  
Jesus can save.

Ring the bells! Christmas bells!  
From shore to shore.

Jesus, our Savior, lives  
Forever more.

Listen, ye longing ones, to the glad story—  
Jesus now lives with the Father in glory,  
Waiting to save.

**MY BURDEN.**

The burden I carried was heavy;  
I staggered beneath the load;  
The way was so long and dreary,  
And rough and thorny the road.  
I read of the wonderful mansion,  
The land of the pure and blest,  
Where none ever carry burdens,  
But all is sweet peace and rest.

And I longed to be over yonder,  
As I struggled on my way,  
Still bearing my heavy burden,  
Which heavier grew each day.  
One eve, in the hush of twilight,  
I sat with an aching heart,  
And wished, that of those who loved me  
Some one would carry a part.

But they all have burdens to carry,  
And mine they thought very small,  
So I said to my soul: "Be patient,  
And try to carry it all."  
Then the words of the blessed Jesus  
Came floating down on the air:  
"Cast thou on the Lord thy burden;  
Go, cast on Him thy care.

"He is mighty, and He will help you;  
    He is able to sustain;  
He helps the least of His children;  
    None ever ask him in vain."  
So I went with my heavy burden,  
    And laid it down at His feet.  
A feeling of rest stole o'er me—  
    A presence of peace so sweet.

I had left my burden with Jesus,  
    But found, in the morning light,  
I was slowly struggling onward,  
    And holding my burden tight.  
Then I took it again to Jesus,  
    My burden of pain and care,  
Then went on my way rejoicing,  
    And thought I had left it there.

But quickly my steps grew weary,  
    My heart was so full of pain;  
I had only left my burden,  
    Then taken it up again.  
O Thou! most blessed Redeemer,  
    On whom I cast all my care,  
Take thou my wearisome burden,  
    And help me to leave it there.

Are we afraid of Thy cross, O, Lord ?  
Afraid to draw too near ?  
Afraid of the thorns and cleansing fire,  
And stand apart in fear ?

For they who follow the Lamb must feel  
Gethsemane's dread pain,  
Must climb up the steeps of Calvary,  
The bitter cup to drain.

And so we follow afar, dear Lord,  
With lagging step and slow,  
For loyalty to Christ doth mean  
To share in His bitter woe.

Shall we miss the heights and depths of truth—  
The clearer vision here ?  
Shall we miss the spirit's measures large ?  
The weight of glory there ?

For they who share in His glory there  
Must walk the path He trod,  
Be willing to go the thorn-crowned way,  
The way of the cross to God.

O, Christ, fill our hearts with perfect love  
That casteth out all fear ;  
Make us glad to drink of Thy cup, dear Lord,  
If only Thou art near.

Christ is risen; tell the story,  
Spread the tidings far and near;  
Calvary's dark night is over—  
Easter morning scatters fear!

Through the ages comes the message,  
“Lo, the stone is rolled away!”  
Christ has risen; truth has triumphed;  
Darkness merges into day.

Truth, undying, lives forever,  
Sin and error disappear;  
God's own plan for man's salvation  
Grows more wonderful and clear.

Christ has risen. Tell the nations,  
Tell the fearful of the way  
He has made through death's dark portals,  
Leading up to endless day.

Bring sweet flowers to deck the morning;  
Bring glad voices, praise to sing—  
Sing the glory of the angels;  
He is risen—Christ, our King.

*IF WE COULD LIVE AGAIN.*

If we could bring the years all back again,  
    Youth's brighter years:  
Forget the sorrow and the care and pain,  
    The hopes and fears,  
If we could stand again where once we stood  
    And start anew,  
Should we shun all the wrong and choose the good  
    And pure and true?  
Or should we miss the stones that bruised our feet  
    Along the way?  
And keep the path that leads to golden street  
    Day after day?  
Should we escape the storms that rent and tore  
    Our eager hands—  
Be wise to miss the rocks along the shore,  
    The drifting sands  
Or should we do the same that we have done?  
    Could we go back—  
Retrace the way—and all the danger shun  
    Along the track.  
Ah, no, vain is the wish to live again  
    Life's early years,  
For wisdom only comes from bitter pain  
    And scalding tears.  
Experience is a teacher sent from God,  
    Lessons to give,  
And they who often pass beneath the rod  
    Learn how to live.  
With "might have beens" the way to heaven is  
    paved  
        Straight by the cross.  
By sore defeat, sometimes a soul is saved.  
    We gain by loss.

---

Enjoy the springtime ere it flts forever;  
Oh, grasp the hours as they quickly fly,  
Take in the richness of the apple blossoms  
Before they fade and wither, fall and die.

Enjoy the music of the birds' sweet singing  
Before they finish all their springtime song.  
Go stand beneath the blossom-laden peach tree  
Before the fragrance and the bloom are gone.

Go walk beneath the sky and feel the beauty—  
Breathe the delicious freshness of the air;  
Watch the unfolding of the leaves and blossoms—  
Forget for one brief moment all life's care.

Oh, pause awhile amid life's rush and hurry  
To drink in all the sweetness of the hours;  
Miss not the lesson which the springtime teaches—  
Miss not the beauty of the bright new flowers.

It seems like some sweet glimpse of heavenly places,  
This resurrection from cold winter's tomb,  
Or like a draught from fount of living waters,  
Or rainbow shining after storm and gloom.

Thou art here with thy garland of roses;  
Thou art here once again with thy song;  
Thou hast brought back the blue sky and sunshine,  
The days so exquisitely long.

Thou hast called back the birds with their music,  
Arrayed the old forest anew,  
Hast brought back the lingering twilights,  
Begemmed the sweet mornings with dew.

Brought back a new pleasure in living,  
The richness of life, and the bliss;  
And yet amid all the glad beauty  
There is something, still something we miss.

O June, with thy garland of roses,  
We bid thee farewell without pain;  
For thou bringest not back the lost gladness,  
The heart-thrill we long for in vain.

There are chords we miss out of the music,  
There is something gone out of the hours;  
A brightness we miss from the sunshine,  
A fragrance we miss from the flowers.

Farewell, sweetest month of the summer,  
Bright gem in the swift-passing years;  
We are glad for thy coming and going,  
Though gladness is mingled with tears.

The new, new year, with its spotless pages  
Has crowded the old one into the ages;  
Has closed up the record of all arrears,  
And laid it aside with the other years.

The old goes out with its joys, its sinning,  
The new comes in with its new beginning;  
Farewell to the old, one parting glance,  
Then turn to the new, with its newer chance.

A chance to be truly nobler, better,  
To live in the Spirit and not the letter,  
To patiently carry each earthly load,  
“Keep step with angels and walk with God.”

‘A chance to grow still brighter and brighter,  
In the Christian life, the soul still whiter;  
A chance to redeem the misspent time;  
Another chance to make life sublime.

O God, we thank Thee for this new treasure,  
Help us the gift to rightfully measure;  
Oh may we not idle or dreaming stand,  
But scatter the seed with a lavish hand.

For swift and surely the years are flying,  
And men are careless while souls are dying.  
O help us to fill each fleeting hour  
With work for God, in the Spirit’s power.

*AUTUMN LEAVES.*

---

Autumn leaves are turning, turning  
    Into varied shade.  
Changing from dull hues to golden  
    Brightest as they fade.  
Autumn leaves are dying, dying,  
    Though they look so bright.  
Autumn sunsets gleam with glory  
    Just before the night.

Autumn leaves are falling, falling  
    Sweetest when they go  
Falling o'er the hills and woodlands  
    Waiting for the snow.  
Autumn leaves are rustling, rustling,  
    To the tread of feet,  
Filling up the hours of childhood,  
    Making joy complete.

Autumn leaves are going, going,  
    Drifting to and fro,  
Finding each their niche to hide in  
    Underneath the snow.  
Autumn leaves are drifting, drifting  
    Over many graves,  
Making strange and silent music  
    In their changing waves.

---

Autumn leaves are telling, telling  
In their silent way,  
Man, O man! be up and doing  
Work while it is day.  
Winter soon is coming, coming,  
Death will soon surprise,  
Be thou ripe like leaves of autumn,  
Ready for the skies.



*RING THE BELLS.*

---

Ring the bells softly, the old year is dying;  
Ring the bells sadly, the moments are flying,  
Ring the bells solemnly, voices are crying,  
    Ring the bells, ring the bells.

Ring the year out with its baffled endeavor,  
Ring the year out in the vast space forever.  
Though hearts are breaking the old tie to sever,  
    Ring the bells, ring the bells.

Ring the bells joyfully, shorten the measure,  
Ring in the hopes that our glowing hearts treasure.  
Ring the bells gladly with jubilant pleasure,  
    Ring the bells, ring the bells.

Ring the bells carefully, carefully ever,  
Over the new with its untried endeavor,  
Ring for the future, the golden forever,  
    Ring the bells, ring the bells.

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